

The  
Cherry and the Sloe

Modernized by J. D.

Aberdeen 1792.

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**THE  
CHERRY AND THE SLOE.**

**CORRECTED and MODERNIZED**

*The old Spelling being mostly altered, except  
where the Rhime makes it necessary to pre-  
serve the old.*

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*By F. D.*

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Written originally by Capt,  
ALXER, MONTGOMERY.

**FIRST PRINTED in the YEAR 1597**

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**ABERDEEN  
PRINTED AND SOLD  
BY JOHN BOYLE  
1794.**



THE

CHERRY AND THE SLOE

CORRECTED AND MODERNIZED

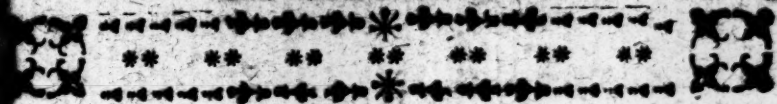
in all the best MSS. of the  
author, and in the MSS. of the  
first edition.

ALICE MONROE

First Printed in the Year 1807







THE

# Cherry and the Sloe.

—

I

**A** Bout a bank with balmy bow'rs  
 Bedeck'd in beauty's fairest flow'rs,  
 And greens for ever gay;  
 The Mavis, Merl, and Progne proud,  
 The Linnet, Lark, and Lavrock loud,  
 Saluted mirthful May.  
 When Philomel had sweetly sung,  
 To Progne she deplor'd,  
 How Tereus had cut out her tongue,  
 And falsly her deflowr'd;  
 Her story so fory;  
 In speech so fair she seem'd;  
 Her ditty so pretty;  
 I doubted if I dream'd.

A

\* This Poem was first Printed in the year 1597.

*The CHERRY and*

II

The Cushtat coos, the <sup>H</sup>Corbie crys,  
The Cuckow couks, the prattling Pyes,  
To crack her they begin;  
The jargon of the Jangling Jays,  
The croaking Crows, and kakling Kays,  
They deav'd me with their din.  
The painte Pawn with Argus eyes,  
Can on his Mayock call.  
The Turtle wails on wither'd trees  
And Echo answers all;  
Repeating with greeting  
How fair Narcissus fell;  
By lyi'g and spying  
His shadow in the well.

III

I saw the Hurchin and the Hare,  
In hidlings hirpling here and there,  
To make their morns repa't;  
The Cat and Coney too were set,  
Whose denty downs in dew were wet,  
With whiskers feeding fast.  
The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,  
The Fumart and false Fox;  
The Bearded Buck climbs up the brae,

With trusty bears and Brocks:  
Some feeding, some dreading  
The hunter's subtille snares,  
With skipping and tripping,  
They play'd them all in pairs.

IV.

The air was soft, serene and sweet,  
No misty vapours winl nor weet;  
But quiet, calm and clear;  
To foster Flora's fragrant flow'rs,  
Whereon Apollo's paramours  
Had trinkled many a tear:  
The which like silver shakers shin'd  
Embroid'ring beauty's bed,  
Whereon their heavy heads declin'd,  
In Iris colours clad:  
Some moping, some dropping,  
Of balmy liquid sweet;  
Excelling and smelling,  
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

V

Methought it was a heav'nly thing,  
where dew like diamonds did hing,  
O'er-twinkleing all the trees,



**The CHERRY and**

To study on the flow'ry twists,  
Admiring Nature's Alchymists,  
Laborious busy Bees;  
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,  
To stay their lives from starve,  
And some their waxen vessels wrought,  
Their purpose to preserve;  
So heaping, for keeping,  
It in their hives they hide,  
Precisely and wisely,  
For Winter they provide.

**VI.**

To paint the pleasures of that park,  
How every blossom branch and bark,  
Against the sun did shine,  
I leave to poets to compile,  
In high heroic stately stile,  
Whose muse surmatches mine.  
But as I looked all alone,  
I saw a river flow,  
Out o'er a steepy rock of stone,  
Then lighted fast below,  
With tumbling and rumbling  
Among the rocks around,  
Devalling and falling  
Into a pit profound.

VII.

Through roaring of the river rang  
 The rocks, resounding like a fang,  
 Blyth music did abound;  
 With trille, tenor counter mean,  
 And Eccho blew a base between,  
 In Diapason found;  
 Set on Nature's clearest clift,  
 With thorow base at list;  
 With quaver, crotchet, semibrif,  
 And not a minium mist;  
 Compleatly more sweetly  
 A cording flat or sharp,  
 Than muse ere did use ere  
 To pin Apollo's harp.

VII.

Who could have tir'd to hear that tune,  
 With birds concerting it so soon,  
 And lays of lovelome Larks,  
 Which climb so high in chrystal sky,  
 While Cupid, waken'd with the cry,  
 The merry music marks.  
 Who leaving blithe the heav'ns above  
 Alighted on the yeard;

Lo how the little Lord of Love  
 Approaching me, appear'd ;  
 So mild like, and child like,  
 With bow three quarters scant,  
 So shyly, and shyly,  
 He looked like a faint.

## IX.

His crisped hair hung o'er his eyes,  
 His quiver by his naked thighs,  
 Hung in a silver Lace ;  
 Of gold between his shoulders grew,  
 'Two pretty wings wherewith he flew  
 On his left arm a brace.  
 His shining shafts he quick'y shook  
 Upon the grassy ground  
 I run as lightly up to look  
 What \*ferlies might be found ;  
 Amazed, I gazed,  
 To see his geer so gay,  
 Perceiving my having,  
 He counted me his prey,

## X.

His youth and stature made me stout,  
 Of doubleness I had no doubt,  
 \* Wonders.



But thus bespoke the boy  
 Quoth I, how call they thee my child?  
 Cupido, Sir, quoth he, and smil'd,  
 Please you me to employ:  
 For I can serve you in your suit,  
 So please you to require  
 With wings to fly, or shafts to shoot,  
 Or flames to set on fire.  
 Refuse then, or chuse then,  
 Or of a thousand things,  
 But crive them and have them;  
 With that I woo'd his wings.

XI.

What would'st thou give, my friend, quoth  
 To have those wanton wings to flee, [he,  
 To sport thyself a while;  
 Or what if I should lend thee here,  
 Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting geer,  
 Some body to beguile;  
 That geer quoth I cannot be bought,  
 Yet I would have it fail,  
 What if quoth he, it cost thee nought,  
 But giving it again.  
 His wings then he brings then,  
 And bound them on my back,  
 Go flee now, quoth he, now.  
 And so my love I take.

XII.

I sprang up with *Cupido's* wings  
 Who bow and shooting weapons brings,  
 To lend me for a Day ;  
 As *Icarus* with careless flight,  
 I mounted higher than I might,  
 Too perilous a play.  
 Then forth I drew that double dart,  
 Which sometime shot his mother,  
 Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,  
 In hope to hurt another ;  
 It tricket me, and pricket me,  
 While either end I handle ;  
 Come see now, in me now.  
 The Butterfly and Candle.

XIII.

Like her, allured by the light,  
 I felt such fondness in my flight,  
 As simple too as she,  
 For as she flies till she be fir'd,  
 So with the dart that I desir'd,  
 My own hand harmed me :  
 As foolish *Phaeton*, by suit,  
 Did win his father's wain ;  
 So long'd I with Love's shafts to shoot

Not prizing of the pain.  
More wilful than skilful,  
To fly I was so fond,  
Desiring, aspiring,  
To what was me beyond.

XIV.

Too late I learn'd who hews too high.  
The chips my fall and chafe his eye;  
Too late I sought the schools;  
Too late I heard the Swallow screech;  
Too late experience to teach,  
The schoolmaster of fools:  
Too late to find the nest I seek,  
When all the Birds are flown:  
Too late the stable door I seek,  
When all the steeds are flown:  
Too late ay their state ay,  
All foolish folks espy,  
Behind so they find so  
Remeed, and so do I.

XV.

If I had ripely been advis'd  
I had not rashly enterpriz'd  
To soar with borrow'd quill;  
    ▲ Shut                      † Stolen



The CHERRY

Not yet essay'd the archer-craft,  
To shoot myself with such a shaft,  
As raffleth Reason's skill  
From time I took my wifful wound,  
I had no force to flee,  
Then came I groaning to the ground,  
Friend, welcome home, quoth he;  
Where flew ye? whom flew ye?  
(Or who brings home the booting?)  
I see now, quoth he, now,  
Ye have been at the shooting-

XVI.

As Scorn comes commonly with Scaith,  
So I behov'd to bide them both  
So fickle was my fate!  
Instead of cheer I got a check,  
Which I might not return or wreck,  
'Twas bootless to debate,  
My pride and pain were so extreme,  
I swelt'ring swoon'd for fear;  
But ere I waken'd of my dream,  
He spoil'd me of my gear.  
With flight then, on height then,  
Sprang Cupid in the skies,  
Forgetting and letting  
At nought my careful cries.

XVII.

So long with looks I follow'd him,  
 My daz'd sight grew dark and dim  
 With staring on the stars,  
 Which flew so fast before my eyes,  
 Red, yellow, blue, of various dyes:  
 My wits went all all at wars,  
 And every thing appeared two  
 To my bewilder'd brain:  
 But long might I lie looking so,  
 Ere *Cupid* came again;  
 Whole thund'ring, with wond'ring,  
 I heard up in the air,  
 Thro' clouds so, he throuds so,  
 And flew I wist not where.

XVIII.

What time the little god was gone,  
 And I in languor left alone  
 In weariness and wo,  
 Sometimes sighing, sometimes sad,  
 Sometimes musing, sometimes mad;  
 I wist not what to do.  
 And now I rave, and now I rage,  
 Dejected, in despair;

To be outwitted by a Page,  
Encreas'd all my care.

O *Dido, Cupido*

Abandon'd thee, and so

He wins me, then shuns me,

Alas! why does he so!

XIX.

With meagre visage, pale and wan,

More like an atomy than man

I wither'd fast away;

As wax before the fire I felt

My heart within my bosom melt,

And piece and piece decay.

To quench the flames with fond desire,

And sighs I set about,

But still the more I blew the fire,

The bolder it broke out.

My heart then did start then

The fiery flames to flee,

Now throbbing, now sobbing,

To leap at Liberty.

XX.

But O, alas! it was in vain,

Pertorce it still must suffer pain,

Imprison'd in my breast ;  
With sighs and sorrow overset,  
Like fish entangled in the net,  
Impatiently oppress,  
Who thinks, in vain, to strive by strength,  
Still struggling fast for breath,  
Which profits nought, alas, at last,  
But hastning on her death ;  
With wringing and springing,  
The faster still is she ;  
There I so did lye so,  
My death advancing me.

## XXI.

The more I wrestle with the wind,  
The fainter still myself I find,  
Nought could my thirst appease,  
Nist I could not walk alone,  
I was so grievously o'er-gone,  
'Thro' drowth of my disease,  
Yet weakly as I might I rose,  
In darkness and in doubt,  
I stagger'd at the windle-straws,  
No token I was stout ;  
Now sp'ritless and mightless  
I wrestle as I may,



In anguish to languish  
And wend my weary way.

## XXII.

With sober pace approaching near,  
Where from the rock the river clear,  
As with I spake before,  
Ran swiftly murmuring among  
The pebbles as it past along  
The flow'ry fringed shore;  
Me Pleasure and Desire provoke,  
Impatient to repair  
Between the river and the Rock,  
Where Hope dwelt with Despair.  
On high then, I spy then,  
A CHERRY tree there grows;  
Below too, did grow too,  
A bush of bitter SLOES,

## XXIII.

The Cherrys hung above my head,  
Like twinkling rubies round and red,  
So high upon the bank,  
Whose shadows in the River shew,  
As gayly glittering as they grew,  
In clusters ripe and rank;

The boughs thro' burden of their birth,  
Decining down their tops,  
Reflex of Phœbus off the Forth,  
New-coloured all their knobs;  
With dancing and glancing,  
In pretty winpling play,  
While streaming and gleaming  
The River glides away.

## XXIV.

With eagle eye, while I espy,  
The fruit betwixt me and the sky,  
Half-height me thought to heaven;  
The cragg so cumbersome to climb,  
The tree so tall of growth and trim,  
And as an arrow even;  
Call'd to mind how Daphne did  
Within the laural shrink  
When from Apollo she her hid  
On Arethusa's Brink;  
That tree there, to me there,  
As he his Laurel thought,  
Admiring, aspiring,  
To get the fruit I sought.

## XXV.

Then *Dread* with *Danger* and *Despair*,  
Forbade to mar my mind with care,  
To rake above my reach.  
What, rush, quoth *Courage* man go to,  
No doughty deed he e'er can do,  
That spares for every speech;  
For I have oft heard *Sages* say,  
and our *Experience* tells,  
That *Fortune* helps the hardy ay,  
And poltroons ay repels,  
Then fear not, nor hear not,  
*Dread*, *Danger* or *Despair*,  
The pain, you complain  
Of, is gone ere you get there.

## XXVI

Who speed, but such as high aspire,  
Who triumph not but such as tire  
To win a noble name?  
Of shrinking, what but shame succeeds?  
Then do as thou would have thy deeds  
In Register of Fame:  
I put the case thou not prevail'd,  
So thou with honour die,

Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,  
Shall then be said of thee;  
Thy name then, from Fame then,  
Shall never be cut off;  
Thy grave then, shall have then  
An honest Epitaph.

## XXVII.

What can thou lose when Honour lives?  
Renown thy virtue still revives,  
If valiantly thou end;  
Quoth *Danger*, softly friend, take heed,  
Untimely spurring spoils the steed,  
Whate'er you may pretend;  
Though *Courage* counsel thee to climb,  
Beware of catching scaith,  
Hast thou no help but *Hope* and him,  
They may beguile thee baith;  
And you then, may rue then,  
The counsel of such clarks.  
Where-throw yet, I trow yet  
Thy bosom bears the marks.

## XXVIII.

Burnt Babe of fire the danger dreads,  
So I belive thy bosom bleeds,



Since last the fire thou felt :  
Beside that seldom times we see  
That ever Courage keeps the key  
Of knowledge at his belt ;  
Though he go forward with his Gun's,  
Small powder he provides,  
Be not a novice of that Nun's  
That saw on both the sides ;  
Such speeding, unheeding,  
O'er-fails the fight of some,  
Who look not nor brook not  
What afterwards may come.

XXIX.

Yet Wisdom wishes thee to weigh  
This figure in philosophy,  
A lesson worth thine ear,  
Which is in time to be intent,  
And not when time is past repent :  
To buy *Discretion* dear.  
Is there no honour after life,  
That thou thyself must kill ;  
Wherefore has *Atropos* that knife ?  
I trow thou canst not tell ;  
Who \* *but* it wouldst cut it,

\* The word *but* here signifies *without*,

While Clothe scarce has spun,  
Destroying thy joying  
Before 'tis well begun.

XXX.

What fool art thou to die for thrift,  
And now may quench it if thou list,  
So easily, † but pain;  
More honour is to vanquish one,  
Than fight with fifty and be ta'ne,  
And either hurt or slain.

Will Fame her pity on thee pour  
When all thy bones are broken?  
On SLO, suppose you think it four  
May satisfy to flocken;

O youth, now, the drowth now,  
Which dries thee with desire,  
Assuage then, the rage then,  
Four water quenches fire.

XXXI.

Consider well with whom you cope,  
And slip not certainty for hope,  
Who guides thee but by guess,

† Without.

Quoth *Courage*, coward's take no cure,  
 'To sit with shame, so they be sure  
 I like them all the less;  
 What pleasure purchas'd is \* but pain,  
 Or honour won with ease,  
 He will not lie where he is slain,  
 That doubts before he dies,  
 I fear then I hear then,  
 But only one remead,  
 Which late is, and that is,  
 'To tarry till thou'rt dead.

## XXXII.

What is the way to heal thy hurt?  
 What is the way to stay thy sturt?  
 What means may make thee merry?  
 What is the comfort that you crave,  
 Suppose these Sophists thee deceive,  
 Thou knowest it is the *Cherry*;  
 Since for it only then thou thrust,  
 The *Sloe* can be no boot,  
 In it alone thy hopes confit,  
 And in no other fruit.

\* *Without, i. e.* He will not die in battle, who  
 doubts that honour is not easily won,

Why quakest thou and shakest thou,  
 Astonish'd at our strife;  
 A wife there, in lyes there,  
 On no less than thy life.

## XXXIII.

Though all beginnings be most hard,  
 The end is pleasing afterward;  
 Then shrink not for a show'r;  
 When once that thou the fruit has got,  
 Thy toil and travel is forgot,  
 The sweet exceeds the sour;  
 So to then quickly fear not this,  
 For *Hope* good hap has height,  
 Noth *Danger* be not sudden, Sir,  
 The matter is of weight.

First try both and spy both,  
 Advise ment doth none ill,  
 I say then, you may then,  
 Be wilful when you will.

## XXXIV.

But yet to mind the proverb call  
 Who uses perils perish shall,  
 Short while his life him lasts;  
 And I have heard, quoth *Hope* that he



Shall never shape to fail the sea,  
 That for a l perrils casts.  
 How many through despair are dea  
 That never perrils priv'd?  
 How many also if you read,  
 Whose lives we have reliv'd  
 Who lying and dying,  
 In danger and despair:  
 Have liv'd still, and thriv'd still,  
 As thou hast heard declare.

## XXXV.

If we two hold not up thy heart,  
 Which is the chief and nobler part,  
 It were not for thy weal,  
 Considering those companions can  
 Dissuade a silly simple man,  
 To hazard for his heal;  
 Although they have deceived some,  
 Ere they and we did meet,  
 They get no credit where we come,  
 With any man of sp'rit,  
 By reason their treason,  
 By us is plain espy'd,  
 Revealing their dealing,  
 Which dare not be deny'd.

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XXXVI.

With sleeky sophisms, seeming sweet,  
 As all their doings were discreet,  
 They wish thee to be wise,  
 Postponing time from hour to hour,  
 But falsly underneath the flow'r  
 The lurking serpent lies;  
 Suppose thou seest her not a time  
 Till that she sting thy foot,  
 Perceiv'it thou not what precious time  
 Thy sloth'ning does o'er-shoot?  
 Alas man! thy case man,  
 In lingring lament;  
 Go to now, and do now,  
 That *Courage* be content,

XXXVII.

While *Danger* and *Despair* retired,  
 Experience came and enquir'd  
 What all the matter mean'd;  
 With him came *Reason*, *Wit* and *Skill*,  
 And they began to ask at *Will*,  
 Where make ye to my friend?

D

To pluck von lusty *Cherry*. In,  
 Quoth he and quit the *Slæ*:  
 Quoth they is there no more ado,  
 Or ye win up the *brae*?  
 But to it, and do it,  
 Perforce the fruit is pluckt.  
 Well brother, some other  
 Were fitter to conduct.

## XXXVIII.

We grant ye may be guid eneuch;  
 Bat yet the hazard of yon heuch  
 Keq ires a graver guide  
 As wise as ye may go wrang,  
 Therefore take counsel ere ye gang,  
 Of some that stand beside.  
 But who were yon three ye forbade  
 Your company right now;  
 Quoth *Will* three preachers to persuade  
 the poison'd *SLÆ* to *pow*.  
 They tattled and prattled,  
 A long half hour and mair;  
 Foul fall them, they call them  
 Dread, Danger and Despair.

## XXXIX.

They are more troublesome than true;  
Yon dastards durst not follow you,  
Or climb the cragg with us;  
From we determined to die  
Or climb yon Cherry tree so high  
They beat about the \* *bush*.  
They are condition'd like the Cat,  
They would not wet their feet,  
But yet, if any fish ye gat,  
They would be fain to eat,  
Though they now, I say now,  
To hazard have no heart,  
Yet luck we, and pluck we,  
The fruit they would have part.

## XL.

But from we get our voyage won  
They shall not then a *Cherry* con,  
That would not enterprize.  
Weil quoth Experience, ye boast,  
But he that counts without his host,  
I trow oft times count twice.  
Ye sell the Bear's skin on his back,  
\* *Buth,*



But bi'e while ye it get ;  
 When ye have done 'tis time to crack-  
 Ye fish before the net. |  
 What haste Sir ! ve taste Sir,  
 The *Cherry* or ve \**pow* it ;  
 Beware yet, ye are yet  
 More talkative than † *trowit*.

## XLI.

Call Danger back again, quoth Skill,  
 To see what he can say to Will,  
 We see them shod so strait ;  
 We may not trust what ilk one tells ;  
 Quoth Courage, we concluded else,  
 He serves not for our mate ;  
 For I can tell you all prequeer,  
 His Counsel ere he come.  
 Quoth Will whereto should he come her  
 He cannot hold him dumb.  
 He speaks ay, and seeks ay,  
 Delay of time by drifts ;  
 He gives us, and deives us  
 With sophistry and shifts.

\* Pull,      † Assured,

## XLII.

Why may not these three lead this one,

I led a hunted mine alone,

\* But counsel of them all.

I grant quoth Wisdom, ye have led;

But I would ask how many sped.

Or further'd, † but a fall.

But either few or none I trow,

Experience can tell;

He says the man may blame but you

The first time e'er he fell,

He kens then, what pens then

You borrow'd him to flee;

His wounds yet that † itounds yet,

He gat I think thro' thee.

## XLIII.

That quoth Experience is true,

Will flatter'd him when first he flew:

Will set him in a || low;

Will was his counsel and convoy,

To borrow from the blinded boy

His quiver wings and bow;

Wherewith before he 'say'd to shoot

He yielded not to youth,

\* Without, † Without. || Smarts † Flame

Nor yet had need of any fruit,  
 To quench his deadly drowth,  
 Which pines him and dwines him  
 To death I wot not how,  
 If *Will* then, did ill then,  
 Himself remembers now.

## XLIV.

Well quoth Experience if that he  
 Submit himself to you and me,  
 I wot what I should say;  
 Our good advice he shall not want,  
 Providing always that he grant  
 To put you will away;  
 And banish both him and despair,  
 That all good purpose spills;  
 So he will mell with them *nae' mair*,  
 Let them two \*flyte their fits;  
 Such closing, but losing  
 All honest men may use:  
 That change now, were strange, now  
 Quoth Reason to retule.

## XLV.

Quoth *Will*, fie on him when he flew  
 That pull'd not CHERRIES then anew,

Now to have stay'd his † *Hurt*  
 Quoth Reason, tho' he bear the blame,  
 He neither saw nor needed them,  
 Till he himself had hurt.

First when he minded not, he might,  
 He needs and may not now,  
 Hey folly when he took his flight  
 Empash'd him to *pro*.

But he now and we now,  
 Perceive thy purpose plain,  
 To turn him and burn him,  
 And blow on him again.

## XLVI.

Quoth Skill, why should we longer strive?  
 Far better late than never thrive:

Come let us help him yet:  
 Last time we may not prove again;  
 We waste the present time in vain,  
 Beware of that, quoth *Wit*:

Speak on, Experience, let's see,  
 We think ye hold ye dumb.  
 If by-gones I have heard quoth he  
 I know not things to come.

Quoth Reason, the season  
 With slowness slides away;



Then take him, and make him,  
A man, if that ye may.

## XLVI.

Then Will as angry as an ape,  
Ran ramping swearing, rude and rape,  
Saw he none other shift ;  
He would not want an inch of Will,  
Whether it did him good or ill,  
For thirty of his thrift ;  
He would be foremost in the field,  
And matter if he might ;  
Yea he should rather die than yield,  
Though Reason had the right :  
“ Shall he now make me now  
“ His subj &c, or his slave,  
No rather that day there  
He'd quick go to his grave.

## XLVIII.

I hight him while my heart is *hail*,  
To perish first or he prevail,  
Come afterwards what may :  
Quoth Reason, doubt ye not indeed,  
Ye hit the nail upon the head,  
It shall be as ye say.

\* scold,

† Disorder.

But since ye think an easy thing  
 To mount above the moon,  
 Of your own fiddle take a string,  
 And dance when ye have done.  
 If then, Sir, the man, Sir,  
 Likes of your mirth he may;  
 But \* *spair* first and hear first  
 What he himself will say.

## XLIX.

Then all together they began  
 To call, come on, thou crazy man  
 What is thy will a wife?  
 Abash'd, a little while I stay'd,  
 Musing or I answer made  
 And turn'd me once or twice,  
 Beholding every one about,  
 Whose motions mov'd me *maid*.  
 Some seem'd assur'd, some were in doubt;  
*will* ran red † *wood* for haste,  
 With wringing and flinging,  
 For madnels them *among*;  
 Despair too, for care too,  
 Would needs himself go hang.

E

\* Ask,

† Mad,

## L.

Which when Experience perceiv'd,  
 Quoth he, remember if we rav'd,  
 As Will advanc'd of late,  
 When that he swore, he nothing saw  
 In age but anger, slack and slaw,  
 And canker'd of conceit.  
 Ye could not luck, as he alledg'd,  
 That all opinions priz'd,  
 He was so fierce and fiery edg'd  
 He deem'd us ill adviz'd.

Who scances all changes,  
 Quoth he, no worship wins,  
 To some best shall come best  
 That hap well, speed well \* *runs*.

## LI.

Yet, quoth Experience, behold,  
 For all the tales that he has told,  
 How he himself behaves,  
 Because *Despair* could not come speed,  
 Lo where he hangs all but the head,  
 And in a † *widdy* waves.  
 If they be sure ones, you may see,  
 To him that with them mells;

\* Runs

† Gallows

If they had hurt or helped thee,  
 Consider by themselves.  
 Then chuse thee, to use thee,  
 By us, or such as yon;  
 Say soon, now, have done now;  
 Make either off or on.

## LII.

Affure thyself, if once we shed,  
 Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped;  
 Take tent we have thee told;  
 Have done, and drive not off the day;  
 The man than will not when he may,  
 He shall not when he would.  
 What wilt thou do, I would we wist,  
 Accept us or give o'er;  
 Quoth I, I think me mair than blest,  
 To find such famous four;  
 Beside me, to guide me,  
 Now when I have to do,  
 Considering the \* *fwiddering*  
 Ye found me first into.

## LIII.

When *Courage* crav'd a stomach stout;  
 And *Danger* drave me into doubt,  
 With his companion *Dread*;  
 \* *Hesitating,*



Whiles Will wou'd up aloft in air,  
 Whiles I was drown'd in deep despair,  
 Whiles Hope held up my head:  
 Such pithy reasons and replies  
 On ev'ry side they shew,  
 That I who was not very wise  
 Thought all their tales were true;  
 So *many* and *bony*  
 Old problems they propoun'd,  
 Both quickly and likely,  
 I marvell'd meik e on't.

## LIV.

Yet Hope and Courage wan the field,  
 Tho' Dread and danger ne'er would yield,  
 But fled to find refuge;  
 So, when you fur met they were fain,  
 When we agreed to come again,  
 They join'd to make ye judge:  
 Where they were fugitive before,  
 You made them frank and free,  
 To speak and stand in awe no more,  
 Quoth treason, so should be,  
 Oit times now, but crimes, now,  
 And even perforce it falls  
 The wrong ay, with wrong ay,  
 But weaker to the walls;

## LV.

Which is a fault ye must confesse,  
 Strength is ordain'd not to oppress  
 With vigour wanting right;  
 But on the contrair to suit in  
 The weak ones that have burthen'd been,  
 As mikle as thy might.  
 So Hope and Courage did quoth I,  
 Experienced like,  
 Shew skill'd and pithy reasons why  
 That danger lap the \*Dyke.  
 Quoth dread Sir, take heed Sir,  
 Much speaking, part must spill,  
 Insist not, ye wilt not,  
 We went against our will.

## LVI.

With Courage ye were quite content,  
 Ye never sought our small consent,  
 Nor of us stood in awe;  
 Their logick lessons ye believ'd;  
 Determined to be deceiv'd,  
 Alleged for law;  
 For all the proverbs we perus'd,

\* Well

Ye thought them scanty skill'd ;  
 Our reasons had been better \*rus'd,  
 Had ye been as well will'd  
 To our side as your side,  
 So truly I may term it,  
 We see now, in you now,  
 Affection does affirm it.

## LVII.

Experienc then snirking smil'd  
 We are no babes to be beguil'd  
 Quoth he, and shook his head,  
 For authors who appeal to us,  
 They would not go about the bus,  
 To Foster deadly feid ;  
 For we are equal to ye all,  
 No person we respect.  
 We have been so, are yet, and shall  
 Be found so in effect,  
 If we were as ye were,  
 We had come unrequir'd,  
 But we now, ye see now,  
 Do nothing undefin'd.

\* Praised

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LVIII.

There is a sentence said by some,  
 Let none uncall'd to counsel come,  
 That welcome seems to be;  
 Yea, I have heard another yet,  
 Who comes uncall'd, unserv'd shall sir,  
 Perhaps, Sir, so may ye.  
 Goodman, gramercy for your geck,  
 Quoth Hope and lowly † *louts*,  
 If ye were sent for we suspect,  
 That that the Doctor doubts:  
 Your years now, appears now,  
 With wisdom to be vext,  
 Imposing, and glozing,  
 Till ye have lost your text.

LIX.

Where ye were sent for let us see  
 Who would be welcomer than we,  
 Prove that and we are paid,  
 Well quoth Experience beware  
 Ye ken not in what case ye are,  
 Your tongue has you betray'd;  
 The man perhaps may lose a † *stee*  
 † *Stoops* † *A young Ox*



*The CHERRY and*

That cannot count his † *kinsch*,  
In your own bow you are o'ershot,  
By more than half an inch.

Who *wats*. Sir, if that Sir,  
Be four which seemeth sweet,  
I fear now, ye hear, now,  
A dangerous decreet,

LX.

Sir, by that Sentence you have said,  
I pledge, or all the game be play'd  
That some shall spring a leak;  
Since ye but put me now to prove,  
Such heads as help for my behove,  
Your warrant is but weak:  
Ask at the man yourself and see,  
Suppose ye strive for state.  
If he regarded not how he  
Had learn'd my lessons late;  
And granted he wanted  
Both Reason Wit and skill,  
Complaining and *\*maining*,  
Our absence did him ill.

† *Cow-cattle*

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LXI.

Confront him further face to face,  
 If yet he rue his rackless race;  
 Perhaps and you shall hear:  
 For ay since Adam and since Eve,  
 Who first thy leifings did believe  
 I sold thy doctrine dear!  
 What has been done, even to this day,  
 I keep in mind *almost*,  
 Ye promise further than ye pay,  
 Sir, Hope for all your haste;  
 Promitting, outwining,  
 Your heights you never hooked;  
 I show you, I know you,  
 Your by-gones I have booked.

LXII.

I could, in case account were crav'd,  
 Quote thousand thou ands thou deceiv'd,  
 For thou was true to one;  
 And on the contrair, I may vaunt,  
 Which thou must, tho' it grieve thee,  
 I never deceived man; (grant  
 But truly told the naked truth  
 To such as sell'd with me,

For neither rigour nor for ruth.

But only loth to lie:

To some yet, to come yet,  
The succ'ur will be flight,  
Which I then, must try then,  
And register aright;

LXIII.

Ha, ha! quo' h Hope, and loudly leugh,

Ye are but prentice at the pleugh,

Experience ye prieve;

Suppose all by-gons, as ye speak,

Ye are no prophet worth a leek,

Nor I bound to believe.

Ye should not say, Sir, till ye see,

But when ye see it say;

Yet quoth Experience, of thee,

Take many marks I may.

By signs now, and lines now,

Which ay before me bears,

Expressing, by gueffing,

The perril that appears.

LXIV.

Then hope reply'd, and that with pith,

And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,

Sententiously and short:

Quoth he, I am the anchor grin,  
That saves the Sailor and the Ship,  
From perril to the port.

Quoth he, oft times the anchor drives,  
As we have found before,  
And loses many thousand lives,  
By shipwreck on the shore.

Your grin oft, doth slip ft,  
When men have most to do,  
Then leaves them, and raves them  
Of thy companions too.

LXV.

Thou leaves them not thyself alone,  
But to their grief when thou art gone,  
Makes Courage quite them als.

Quoth Hope, I would you understood,  
I hold fast if the ground be good,  
And flit where it is false.

There should no fault with me be found;  
Nor I accus'd at all (ground  
Blame such as should have plumm'd the  
Before the anchor fall;

Their lead ay, at need ay,  
Might warn them if they would;



If they there, would stay there,  
Or have good anchor hold.

## LXVI.

If ye read right it was not I,  
But rather ignorance, whereby  
Their carvels all were cloven,  
I am not for a trumpet known,  
All quoth experience is one,  
I have my process proven,  
To wit, that we are call'd each one,  
To come before we came;  
That now of j ection ye have none,  
Yourself may lay the same.

Ye are now too far now,  
Come forward for to flee,  
I perceive then, you have then,  
The worst end of the tree

## LXVII.

When Hope was call'd into the quick,  
Quoth Courage kicking at the prick,  
Wele ye well to wit;  
Make he you welcomer than we  
Then *bygonas, bygonas*, farewell he,  
Except he lack us yet:

He understands his own estate,  
 Let him his chieftains chuse,  
 But yet his battle will be \* *blate*,  
 If he our help refuse;  
 Refuse us, or chuse us,  
 We counsel him to climb,  
 But stay he, or stray he,  
 We have no help for him.

## LXVIII.

Except the *CHERRY* he hath chose,  
 Be we his friends, we are his foes,  
 His doings we despise:  
 If we perceive him settled so,  
 To satisfy him with the *SLOZ*,  
 His company we quite.  
 Then Dread and Danger grew full glad,  
 And wist that they had won,  
 They thought all seal'd that they had said,  
 Since they had first begun;  
 They might then, they might then,  
 Without a party plead,  
 But yet there, with wit there,  
 They were set down with speed.

\* *Bashful*

## LXIX.

Sirs, Dread and Danger then quoth Wit,  
 Ye did yourselves to me submit,  
 Experience can prove :  
 That, quoth Experience, I past,  
 Their own confessions make them fast,  
 They may no more remove.  
 For if I right, remember me,  
 This maxim then they made,  
 That well the man of wit should weigh  
 What Philosophs have said ;  
 Which sentence, repentance  
 Forbade him dear to buy,  
 They knew then, how true then,  
 And press'd not to reply.

## LXX.

Tho' now were Dread and Danger dumb,  
 Yet Courage would not be overcome,  
 Hope hight him such a hire.  
 He strait bethought, how soon he saw  
 His Enemies were laid so low,  
 It was no time to tire :  
 He hit the iron in the heat,  
 Before it could grow cold ;

For he esteem'd his foes defeat,  
 When once he found them fold;  
 'Tho' we now, quo' he now,  
 Have been so free and frank  
 (f right yet, he might yet,  
 For kindness coind us thank.

## LXXI.

Suppose it so as thou hast said,  
 That unrequir'd we proffer'd aid,  
 At least that came of love;  
 Experience, ye start too soon,  
 Ye nothing do till all be done,  
 And then ye often prove.  
 More plain than pleasant too, perchance,  
 Some tell that have you try'd;  
 As fast as you yourself advance,  
 It cannot be deny'd.  
 Abide then, your tide then,  
 And wait upon the wind;  
 Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir  
 To hold ye ay behind.

## LXXII.

Who wist what would be cheap or dear,  
 Should need to traffick but a year,



If things to come were known,  
 Suppose all bygone things be plain,  
 Your prophesie is but prophane,  
 Ye had best known your own  
 Ye would accuse me of a crime,  
 Almost before we met,  
 Torment you not before the time,  
 Since dolour pays no debt.  
 What's bypast, that I past,  
 Ye wot if it was well,  
 To come yet, by doom yet,  
 Confess ye cannot tell.

## LXXIII.

Yet, quoth Experience, what then,  
 Who may be meetest for the man,  
 Let us his answer have;  
 When they submitted them to me,  
 To Reason I was fain to flee,  
 His counsel kind to crave.  
 Quoth he, since ye yourselves submit,  
 To do as I decree;  
 I shall advise with skill and Wit;  
 What fitting they may see.  
 They cry'd then, we bide then,  
 Ey Reason for refuge;  
 Allow him, avow him,  
 As governour and judge.

## LXXIV.

Then said they all, with one consent,  
What he concludes we are content,  
His bidding we obey;  
He hath authority to use,  
Then take for choice what he will chuse,  
And longer not delay:  
Then Reason rose and was rejoic'd,  
Quoth he, mine hearts come hither;  
I hope this case may be compos'd.  
That we may go together.  
To all now, shall now,  
His proper place assign,  
That they here may stay here,  
With reason we combine.

## LXXV.

Come on quoth he, companion Skill,  
You understand both good and ill,  
In Physick ye are wise;  
Be mediciner to the man,  
And shew such cunning as you can,  
To put him out of pain?  
First search the ground of all his grief,  
What sickness you suspect,

Then look what lacks for his relief,  
Or further he infect.

Comfort him, exhort him,  
Give him your good advice,  
And scant not, nor want not,  
For perril nor for price.

## LXXVI.

Quoth kill, his senses are so sick,  
I know no liquor worth a leek.

To quench his deadly drouth :  
Except the *Cherry* help his heat,  
Whose quenching juices sharp and sweet,  
Might melt into his mouth ;  
His melancholy to remove,  
And mitigate his mind ;  
None wholesomer for his behove,  
Nor of more cooling kind.  
No nectar director,  
Could all the Gods him give,  
Nor send him, to mend him,  
None better I believe.

## LXXVII.

For drouth decays as it digests,  
Why then, quoth Reason nothing rests,

But how it may be won:  
 Most true quoth Skill. that is the scope,  
 Yet we must have some help to Hope,  
 Quoth Dinger I am done,  
 His hastiness brings oft mishap,  
 When he is highly hors'd;  
 I wou'd we looked, or we lap,  
 Quoth Wit, that were not worst.  
 I mean now, convene now,  
 The council one and all;  
 Begin then, call in then,  
 Quoth Reason, so I shall.

## LXXVIII.

Then Reason rose, with gesture grave,  
 Conveening quickly all *\* the leue,*  
 To hear what they would say;  
 With silver scepter in his hand,  
 As chieftain chosen to command,  
 And they bound to obey.  
 He paused long before he spake.  
 And in a study stood,  
 Then he began and silence brake,  
 Come on, quoth he, conclude.  
 What way now, we may now,  
 You Cherry come to catch;  
*\* The rest*



Speak out first, about first,  
Have done, let us dispatch,

## LXXIX.

Quoth Courage, scourge him first that scars;  
Much nusing memory but mars,

I tell you mine intent:

Quoth it, who will not partly pause,  
In perils perishes perchance,  
E'er rackless may repent.

Then quoth Experience and spoke,  
Sir, I have seen them bairn,  
In *\*braidiness* and lie aback,

Escape and come to skath,  
But what now of that now,

Stunt follows all extremes:

Retain then, the mean then,

The surest way it seems.

## LXXX.

To get the Cherry in all haste,  
As for my lasty serving maist,

I ho' Dread and Danger fear'd;

The peril of that irksome way,

Lest that thereby I should decay,

*\* Forwardness,*

Who then so weak appear'd:  
Yet Hope and Courage hand beside,  
Who with them wont contend'  
Did take in hand us all to guide  
Unto our journey's end.

Impledging and wadging  
Both their two lives for mine,  
Providing the guiding,  
To them I would resign.

## LYXXI.

Then Dread and Danger did protest,  
Alledging it could ne'er be best,  
Nor yet could they agree;  
But said they should sound their retreat,  
Because they thought them no ways meet  
Conductors unto me;  
Nor to no man in mine estate,  
With sickness sore oppress'd;  
For they took ay the nearest gate,  
Omitting of the best.

There nearest perquierest,  
Is always to them oath,  
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,  
What reckes them of your feath.

## LXXXII.

But as for us two now we swear,  
 By him before we must appear,  
 Our full intent is now,  
 To have you hale, and always was,  
 That purpose for to bring to pass,  
 So is not theirs I trow :  
 Then Hope and Courage did attest,  
 The gods of both these parts,  
 If they wrought not all for the best  
 Of me with upright hearts.  
 Our chitain then lifting  
 His scepter, did enjoin ;  
 No more there uproar there,  
 And so the strife was done.

## LXXXIII.

Rebuking Dread and Danger sore  
 Suppose they meant well evermore  
 To me as they had swore ;  
 Because their neighbours they abus'd,  
 In so far as they had accus'd,  
 Them, as ye heard before ;  
 Did he not else, quoth he consent

The Cherry for to \*pow?

Quoth Dang r we are well content,  
But yet the manner how?

We shall now, e'en all now,

Get this man with us there;

It re's then, and's best then,

Your counsel to declare.

LXXXIV.

Well said quoth Hope and Courage now,

We thereto will accord with you,

And shall abide by them ;

Like as before we did submit,

Now we repeat the same as fit

We mind not to reclaim ;

Whom they shall chuse to guide the way,

We shall them follow straight,

And further this man what we may,

Because we have so hight ;

Promitting but flitting,

To do the thing we can,

To please baith, and ease baith,

This silly sickly man.

\* Pull,



## LXXXV.

When Reason heard this then quoth he,  
 I see your chietest stay to be,  
 That we have nam'd no guide;  
 The worthy counsel hath therefore,  
 Thought good that Wit should go before  
 For perils to provide;

Quoth Wit there is but one of three  
 Things I shall to thee show,  
 Whereof the first two cannot be  
 For any thing I know:  
 The way here so high here  
 Is, that we cannot climb,  
 Even o'er now, we four now,  
 That will be hard for him.

## LXXXVI.

And next for us to wind about,  
 Where this high range of rocks run out,  
 The stream is there too strong;  
 And also passeth wading deep,  
 And broader far than we dare leap,  
 It surely would be wrong,  
 It spreads still broader to the sea,  
 Since from the spring it came,

The running dead doth signify  
the deepnes of the same;

I leave now to proue it w,

How that it slowly stiles,

As sleeping and creeping,

But nature so provides.

LXXXVI.

Our way then lies below the fall,

Whereby I warrant speed we shall,

The way is wide and plain;

The water also is right shallow,

I'll lead the way, and ye shall follow

Nor find your labour vain.

For as we find a mischief grow

Oft of a trifling thing,

So likewise doth this river flow

Forth of a little spring;

Whose trot, sir, I won, Sir,

You may stop with your hand,

As you, sir, I trow, sir,

Experience understand.

LXXXVIII.

That, quoth Experience, I do,

And all ye said ken to be true,

Since first when ye began;

H

Quoth Skill and I the same approve  
Quoth Reason then let us remove.

This silly Slothful man.

Wit and Experience, quoth he,  
Shall go before apace.

The man shall come with Skill and me,  
Into the second place;

Out-o'er now, you four now,

Shall come into a band,

Proceeding and leading

Each other by the hand.

## 6 MA 50XXXIX.

As Reason order'd all obey'd,

None were too rash, none were afraid,

Our counsel was right wise;

As of our journey, Wit did note,

We found it true, in every jot,

God blest the enterprize.

For even as we came to the tree,

Which as ye heard us tell,

Could not be climb'd so suddenly

The fruit for ripeness fell

Which hasting, and tasting,

I found myself reliev'd,

Of sickness, and weakness,

That mind and body griev'd.

THE END.